

Miscellaneous.

TO THE HOUNDS OF LAW AT CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Now God for fitting words! that I might pour
The lava-torrents of my burning soul,
On your heads who in the dust adore
The bloody Moloch, ever crying, more!
Unleashed his victims. O, to roll
Such avalanches of indignant scorn,
Should "where you in oblivion toward kneaves,
Who in this hour when Freedom calls for Men,
Struck from the contest, weak and trembling
slaves."

Poor earth-born souls, back to the earth again!
Go hide your heads in your dishonored graves!
You who can grovel at the Tyrant's feet,
But in your wretched victim shut the door.
As you to others measure, so God mete
To you, false heart—pressed down and running
over.

C. L. M.

ECHOES.

Mr. Harlow stunted listlessly about his garden walks; the long summer twilight was drawing to a close, and the young moon had hung her silvery bow in the east. The hour was beautiful, and the place in which he walked one to delight the heart. But seeing, he saw not, and hearing, he heard not, for his mind was with his ledger and tangled business affairs.

Mr. Harlow did business in Boston, and resided in one of the adjoining suburban towns. He had recently purchased a pretty little place, and his family resided in the exchange from a narrow city street, to the lovely gardens surrounding their new home.

At the foot of the garden was a little woody dell, which had been purposely left in its natural state. A brook leaped musically down its rocky bed, and then, taking a sudden turn, wound peacefully through a green meadow. Here the five children of Mr. Harlow were playing, and their shouts of gleeful song rang out over the evening air.

"Papa, papa!" cried sturdy little Harry, appearing at the top of the bank, "come and hear our echo. Ellen says it is the sweetest echo she ever heard, we have called to it again and again, and it answers back just what we say."

Mr. Harlow followed his son mechanically, but when he stood in the midst of the laughing troop of children, he came out of his troubled reverie.

"Oh, father, we have found an echo!" cried together. "Hark—it shall call father," said Susan. "Father!" the echo answered. "Father!"

"Isn't it pleasant?" said Ellen, the eldest, a thoughtful girl of twelve years. "If we stand in this spot, the echo speaks just once, clearly and distinctly, but a little to the right or left, it is repeated two or three times."

"I always liked to hear an echo," said the father, with a smile.

"Hallo, echo!" shouted Harry, jumping up and down, and the response made him shout and laugh again.

"Where do you live?" called Nelson. "Sweet echo sweet echo!" cried Susan, and the woodland-sprite grew quite wild in answering to their merry calls.

"What is it, papa?" asked Eddie, the three-year-old, as he clung timidly to his father's side; "what is it that speaks?"

"It is the symbol of the stream, or the goddess of these woods," said Nelson, with a patronizing air. He had been reading mythology.

"Don't you be afraid, Eddie," said Ellen, kindly taking her little brother's hand; "it is only the sound of our own words coming back to us."

"The dew is falling, let us go into the house," said the father, and he turned from the place, followed by his children. Ellen walked by his side. "Father, the echo reminds me of something I read the other day. It was a piece about moral echoes—it is said that if we speak kindly, almost always we should hear the echo in a kind reply, and everything we do or say awakens echoes in our own hearts, and the hearts of those about us."

"Very true, dear Ellen; you are quite a moralist."

In the society of his family, the shadows were charmed from Mr. Harlow's brow, but when he lay upon his pillow, busy, troubled thoughts benighted sleep. He had been speculating somewhat, aside from his regular business, and was consequently harassed with too much care. As the day dawned, he sank into a fitful slumber, which gave no refreshment to his wearied mind and body.

A cheerful group gathered around the breakfast-table, five smiling, happy children and their gentle mother. But the father's brow was shaded, and he had no reply for the pleasant prattle of his children; so they subsided into silence, chilled by his stern aspect. It might and should have been an hour bright and beautiful with domestic sunshine, and when Mr. Harlow bade his family "good bye" for the day, and felt that his wife's eyes followed him with a sad, inquiring glance, his conscience smote him, for he had clouded the sweet atmosphere of home.

On his way to the depot, an importunate neighbor seized him by the arm, and held him an impatient captive, while he detailed a long amount of affairs which he cared nothing about. He reached the depot just as the train was passing out of sight. Fretful and vexed at this unnecessary delay, he ascended the platform frowningly, until the next train appeared. Had the ride been longer, he might have settled down before its termination into a more quiet state of mind; but as it was, he grew more impatient with each passing moment, and when he arrived at his place of business, at about the hour before the usual time, he was in a high state of excitement.

A little trial awaited Mr. Harlow, which did not improve his temper. Andrew Chase, a lad of sixteen, approached him with a timid, downcast air.

"See there, Mr. Harlow," he said, pointing with a trembling hand to a large mirror, which was one of a row lining one side of the store—a long, narrow, polished surface.

"Who did that?" exclaimed Mr. Harlow. "I did it, sir; I was darning it—I meant to be very careful, but the brush slipped on my hand, and the handle struck the glass."

"We are in a terrible fix, I must say; fifty dollars on one errand!"

"I am very sorry, sir," said Andrew, with a quivering lip.

"Well, come, hurry won't mend it," said Mr. Harlow, testily, as he passed on to his counting-room.

Andrew grew deeply grieved at the accident, and Mr. Harlow's manner wounded him sorely. The reflection of his own face in the glass door of the counting-room, and, after the boy's troubled, tearful face. "Four dollars," he thought, "he feels

worse about it than I do; I might have spoken more kindly, for Andrew is a good boy."

Everything seemed to go hard that day. Mr. Harlow worried himself and all about him. The oil of good humor would have had a wonderful effect upon the machinery of business, but he did not think of that. Yet Mr. Harlow, was not, by any means, a cross and surly man—usually, he was most bland and cheerful, but too much care unstrung his nerves, and weakened his self-control.

Late in the afternoon, he received a message from a business firm in New York, and he was more hurried and troubled than before.

"Here, Andrew Chase," he called, in a peremptory tone, "this packet must go to New York; the mail has closed, but it can go by express. Hurry, you have just five minutes to take it to the depot. It is of great importance; don't fail to get it expressed."

"Yes, sir," said Andrew, "I'll run every step of the way," and eager to do his master's will (for, that might, in some measure, atone for his carelessness in the morning, he darted down the street.

Half an hour elapsed, and Andrew returned with slow and reluctant steps, the packet still in his hand.

"What! how is this?" exclaimed Mr. Harlow, in angry disappointment. "Were you too late?"

"Yes, sir, I—"

"But you had full five minutes time, and you could have walked, and got there soon enough. It is too bad! Here it is Saturday night. Too bad—no bad!"

"I am sorry, sir, I started on a full run, but stepped, for there was a child in the street, and a horse—"

"Never mind—don't tell me all the whys and wherefores. You know that it was of the greatest importance that you should stop for nothing at all. You had no business to stop, or to turn right or left. If I can't trust you in such matters, I can trust you in nothing. Go to the head clerk and get your wages, and henceforth I will dispense with your services."

"Mr. Harlow, do hear what I have to say! I saw the child was in great danger—in a moment more—"

"Oh, papa!" interrupted Mr. Harlow, with an impatient wave of the hand, "children are in the streets all of the time; it is a poor excuse for delay in such a matter. Go, Andrew Chase; your carelessness has done me enough damage for one day."

The boy stood for a moment, hesitating, flushed and angry, once his lips parted, as if he would again attempt his self-defense, then with a proud, half-triumphant light in his eye, he turned away. Mr. Harlow was puzzled with the meaning of that last glance.

Another message from New York. Now, Mr. Harlow was glad the packet had not gone—all was right. It was a lucky accident which had delayed Andrew Chase.

"Has Andrew gone?" he hastily inquired of his clerk.

"Yes, I gave him his wages, and he bade me 'good-bye.' He seemed to feel very badly, sir."

Mr. Harlow began to regret his impetuosity. "I ought to have listened to his excuse," he said to himself, and then he remembered with added pain, that Andrew's mother was a widow with several children, and depended much on his earnings.

At evening, when Mr. Harlow sat down to the table with his family, he was dissatisfied and unhappy. His wife had been to the city with her youngest child, and she had many pleasant things to tell him, and purchases to show, but it was with difficulty he replied to her remarks. He soon retired to the parlor, threw himself into his arm chair, and took up the evening paper. Ellen sat down to the piano, and ran her fingers lightly over the keys; Nelson was occupied with his book, and the younger children sat upon the carpet playing with their toys.

"Eddie, you naughty boy, let my house alone," called out Harry, in a cross voice, and he caught up a little building-block and threw it at his brother.

The block did not hit Eddie, but, half-grieved and half-angry, he began to cry, and say "bad, naughty Harry."

Mr. Harlow started, and his first impulse was to punish Harry instantly and severely, but Ellen, the peacemaker, was before him, and he wisely resumed his seat in silence.

"Don't cry, little Eddie," said the sister's gentle voice.

"Harry's a cross boy," sobbed the child.

"I don't care, he knocked my block-house."

"Harry," said Ellen, "last night when you cried 'Sweet Echo,' what did the echo say in reply?"

"Why, 'Sweet Echo,'" said the child, with sudden interest. "You know it said the words we did."

"If you had called out in a loud, cross voice, 'Naughty Echo, stop talking to me,' what would it have said?"

"Stop talking to me!" said Harry, laughing.

"And if you had said 'Dear Echo, I love you,' would it not have said in the same tone, 'I love you'?"

"Yes."

Now the little brothers stood close by the side of Ellen, looking up eagerly into her face. All the anger was quenched in their young hearts.

"Did you not know, Harry, we all have an echo in our hearts? When dear mother speaks to us so kindly and sweetly, how we love her, and if we don't reply in the same words, we do in the same tone. And when you speak unkindly to little Eddie, how quick he points, and says 'Naughty Harry!' It is the little echo in his heart answering you. Now, if you had been angry, but had said 'Please, Eddie, don't throw my blocks down,' he would have stepped one side very quickly. Are you not sorry you made him angry, and tried to hurt him?"

Harry looked upon the beautiful face of Eddie, which was smiling now, though there was the glitter of tears upon his lashes, and with a blush of love and penitence, he flung his arms about him, and hugged and kissed him heartily.

Mr. Harlow witnessed this scene with misty eyes. Ellen had unconsciously given him the key to his despondency. In the echo-chamber of his heart, he heard repeating and repeating the words and the deeds of the day. Impatient and exasperated, he had evoked a like spirit in all about him. Especially did he recall his intercourse with Andrew Chase, and he pictured the boy, with angry and injured feelings, sitting in his widowed mother's home, which, though he thought it humble, was indeed far poorer than his father painted.

"Ah, me!" he murmured regretfully, "would I had done otherwise!"

It is a strange, mysterious thing, this Echo, the voice of memory. Some one has said that "We have only the present; the past is buried, and the future is yet unborn. It is scarcely thus, for the memories of the past, and the hopes of the future, give coloring to, and permeate with their spirit, the present. One day of calm and elevated happiness is a joy forever, for other days will borrow serenity from the light of its memory. Often a look, a motion, an incident seemingly most trivial, will awaken recollections of words and deeds of long ago. Perchance we deemed them forgotten; but lo, the thoughts, the language, the acts of other days have come back to us, and Echo repeats and repeats the refrain."

And as our lives are in part moulded by those around us, and they are continually awakening responses of pleasure or pain in our being, so we in turn, by all the influences going out from what we do or say, are helping to make melody or discord in the hearts of others.

Thoughts like these passed through the mind of Mr. Harlow, and he sighed again. "Would I had done otherwise."

Mrs. Harlow, who had been busy with some household task, now entered the room.

"Did I not hear angry voices a little while ago?" she said. "I hope my boys have not been quarrelling?"

"Harry was unkind to Eddie," said Ellen, "but he is sorry and they have made it all up again."

Mrs. Harlow took Eddie upon her lap, and gazed upon him with great tenderness.

"Harry must be very kind to his darling little brother," she said, in a voice tremulous with feeling; "he could not have been unkind, had he known how nearly we lost him to-day."

"What was it, mother, what happened to dear Eddie?" and Harry drew near to cress against the pet of the household.

"Mr. Harlow," said the mother, "my heart has been full ever since I came home to-day. Little Eddie went with me to the city, and he was delighted with everything he saw, and he would hardly keep him by my side. I was making some purchases, and thought he was standing near me, when suddenly I missed him. I looked anxiously toward the door, and saw him in the street, just before the feet of a large cart horse; the street was pretty clear at that moment, but I saw no escape for the child. I rushed forward expecting to see him the next moment crushed and mangled, when a lad who was passing caught him up with the quickness of thought, and with one hand seized the horse's bridle. The driver swore in a great rage at the hindrance, and the horse struggled and reared beneath a shower of blows. For an instant, it seemed that the boy would be thrown down, but he held on bravely, and then sprang to the sidewalk with little Eddie unharmed."

"It was Andrew Chase. He was pale and breathless, with the exertion and excitement. 'Oh, Mrs. Harlow!' he exclaimed, 'is it your little Eddie? I thought he would be killed! Oh I am so thankful!'"

"I tried to thank him, and tell him my gratitude, but he said he was in great haste—that I must excuse him, and without listening to a word he ran down the street."

This little narrative was listened to with thrilling interest by the family group. Eddie, the dear, youngest one, had narrowly escaped a frightful death.

"I should like to shake hands with that Andrew Chase," ejaculated Nelson; "he is a brave fellow."

"Yes, that he is," cried Harry, emphatically.

"He was a good boy," said little Susan, with tears in her eyes.

Ellen's eyes quite overflowed. She took the little fellow from his mother's arms, and gazed lovingly into his bright, young face, she kissed the red, red lips, the beautiful black eyes, and stroked the fair, curly hair, which was her pride; and the vision of that cherished one all crushed and mutilated, no more to bless them with his presence, made her shudder. But she had him safe in her arms, and her heart went up in gratitude to the Great Preserver, and she blessed the name of Andrew Chase.

"Come to papa," said Mr. Harlow, holding out his hand, and the child sprang upon his knee to receive a fervent embrace.

Mingled emotions of gratitude, regret and shame, swelled Mr. Harlow's breast. Now he understood the meaning of Andrew's last triumphant glance, and as he pondered it over, he could not blame the pride of spirit which had kept the boy from saying that it was his own child whom he had saved from death.

In the moment of angry excitement, Mr. Harlow only thought he was trying to find an excuse for mere carelessness and neglect. But had he known the facts, and had the child been one of the poorest and least cared for of all the city unfortunate, he would have approved the boy, though his loss was great. But it was Eddie, the pet lamb of his flock! He was under infinite obligations to Andrew, and he had sent him from his presence with severest reproof.

He tried to comfort himself with the thought that to-morrow he would find him and reward him suitably. This was easy to resolve but difficult to accomplish. Where in the great city Andrew Chase lived, with his poor mother and younger brother and sister, Mr. Harlow did not know, and all of whom he inquired were equally ignorant.

Weeks passed, and he began to feel the burden of unacknowledged gratitude painfully, when one day a richly dressed woman entered the store, and asked for the proprietor of the establishment. She threw up her veil, disclosing a pale, sorrowful face.

"I am Mrs. Chase, the mother of Andrew," she said by way of introduction.

"I am truly glad to see you," said Mr. Harlow, shaking her hand. "Where is Andrew? I have been searching for him this long time."

"He is at home just recovering from a fit of illness. He spent two rainy, chilling days in endeavoring to find employment, and caught a violent cold, which settled upon his lungs, and he has not left the house since. He is getting better, and will soon be able to go out. I depend much upon his earnings, and cannot afford to have him waste any time in finding a place. He is too proud to come to you himself, so I have come to ask you to recommend him to others, if you are unwilling to receive him again in your store."

"Mrs. Chase," said the merchant, in a husky voice, "I was hasty and unjust in my treatment of your son, and he has laid me under a deep debt of gratitude—I must see him."

Mr. Harlow was not a man of many words. He accompanied the poor woman to her home. He was shocked to find it so unpleasantly situated, and so very humble, for Mrs. Chase was a lady in language and appearance. Andrew naturally felt some resentment toward Mr. Harlow, but a brief interview extinguished all unpleasant feelings, and inspired mutual affection and respect.

Mr. Harlow left substantial tokens of his gratitude in that poor home, and the widow's eyes were wet with tears of joy, and her children gath-ered around her with gladness and faces.

But another was happier still, for "it is more blessed to give than receive."

There were imported into the country last year 300,000 pounds of opium.

It was evening. A wild, autumn storm raged around the house, and the cold sleet drove sharply against the window panes; but within the parlor was the light of the cheerful fire, and the still warmer glow of smiling faces.

"How happy papa looks to-night!" said Harry. Father has been telling mother how much he means to do for Andrew Chase and his mother, brother and sister. They have been very poor, but now the children are to have good clothes, and go to school, and father will give Andrew wages so that he can provide for them all in comfort."

"That's good!" cried Harry—"now I know why papa smiles with his eyes shut; he is listening to the sweet Echoes in his heart!"

MAKE HOME BRIGHT AND PLEASANT.

More than brilliant showy mansions,
More than dress and fine array,
More than domes and lofty steeples,
More than station, power or sway—
Make your home both neat and tasteful,
Bright and pleasant, always fair,
Where each heart shall rest contented,
Grateful for each beauty there.

More than lofty swelling titles,
More than fashion's lurid glare,
More than Mammon's gold honors,
More than thoughtless care and compare—
See that home is made attractive
By surroundings pure and bright,
Trees, arranged with taste and order,
Flowers, with all their sweet delight.

Seek to make your home most lovely—
Let it be a smiling spot,
Where, in sweet contentment resting,
Care and sorrow are forgot;
Where the flowers and trees are waiting,
Birds will sing their sweetest song,
Where the purest thoughts will linger,
Confidence and love belong.

Where each heart will rest contented,
Seldom wishing far to roam,
Or, if roaming, still will cherish
Memories of that pleasant home.
Such a home makes man the better;
Pure and lasting its control;
Home, with pure and bright surroundings,
Leaves its impress on the soul.

A SCENE WORTH CONSIDERING.

Years ago, the office of the old Gazette was in Hanover Square, near the corner of Pearl street. It was a place of resort for news and conversation, especially in the evening. The evening of February 15th, 1815, was cold, and at a late hour only Alderman Selra, and another gentleman were left with father Lang, the genius of the place. The office was about being closed, when a pilot rushed in, and stood for a moment so entirely exhausted as to be unable to speak. "He has great news," exclaimed Mr. Lang. Presently the pilot, gasping for breath, whispered intelligibly, "Peace! peace!" The gentlemen lost their breath as fast as the pilot gained his. Directly the pilot was able to say, "An English ship is below, with news of a treaty of peace." They say that Mr. Lang exclaimed in greater words than he had ever used before or after. All hands rushed into Hanover Square, exclaiming, "Peace! peace! peace!"

The windows flew up, for families lived there then. No sooner were the inmates sure of the sweet sound of peace, than the windows began to glow with brilliant illuminations. The cry of "Peace! peace!" spread through the city at the top of all voices. No one stopped to enquire about "free trade and sailors' rights." No one enquired whether even the national honor had been preserved.

The matters by which politicians had irritated the nation into the war, had lost all their importance. It was enough that the ruinous war was over. An old man on Broadway, attracted by the noise to his door, was seen to pull down a placard, "To Let," which had been long posted out. Never was there such joy in the city. A few evenings after there was a general illumination, and although the snow was a foot deep and soaked with rain, yet the streets were crowded with men and women, eager to see and partake of everything which had in it the sight or taste of peace.

—New York Paper.

The following inscription is said to have been found on a head-board at a grave in Sparta diggings in California:

In memory
of
John Smith,
who met
a violent death this spot
18 hundred & 40 top—He was shot
by his own pistol.
It was not one of the new kind
but a solid fashioned one
true barrel and of such is the
Kingdom of Heaven.

From the Chicago Journal.

THE PLEASANT WORLD.

This is a very pleasant world and very pleasant life, made, curiously contrived indeed, to keep life awake until we "round it with a sleep."

There is an arrangement effected in the last way in the world we mortals should have thought of—just by rolling the globe over and over. Of course we mean day and night—the lights and shadows of life's fair perspective. Aside from the necessity we feel, of that almost dying now and then, we cherish "sleep," what could possibly afford a greater series of surprise than the alternations of night or day?

Day. Nothing but a lighted vestibule to something we know not what. Night: a short, dim hall that leads us to another. And on we go, through this grand suit of brilliant chambers with shadowy passage ways between, until we have explored this wonderful castle of our mortal being.

What if there were one great, unbroken day; how dull "round grow in life's long afternoon, how dull a Monday would existence be! Nothing made over now, no twilight to muse in, no dawn to wait, no no-morrow to dream of, or to hope for, no surpluses to quicken thought and heart, but just a steady blaze of day—an Arabia the Rocky, without an "Arab the Black."

For our part we are glad we are ignorant; glad we are not ubiquitous; we would not have "the wings of the morning," if we could. This opening and shutting of doors all through the world pleases us. It is a poem without a preface, "argument," a play without a programme. Were life and action "laid out," then life and action would be a corpse, and all we mortals would "go about the streets."

There were imported into the country last year 300,000 pounds of opium.

BOTANIC Medicines for Sale!

Two subscribers offers for sale her entire stock of medicines, together with all the fixtures for preparing the same, at her residence on High street, Salem, Ohio.
C. L. CHURCH.
March 1st 1860

GEO. W. MANLY,

ARTIST, Shilling's Block, Main street, Salem, Ohio.
The largest and best assortment of Cases to be found in this section of Ohio.
Salem, June, 1860.

WALL AND WINDOW PAPER

A large and well selected assortment, of Cheap and Beautiful
WALL AND WINDOW PAPER,
Just received at ISAAC TRESCOTT'S.

Just received by
MARIUS R. ROBINSON,

At the New Hat Store, North side Main Street, Also, a good assortment of
GAITERS, BOOTS AND SHOES.
For Ladies, Misses and Children.
Salem, Sept. 1, 1860.

WEST AND WILSON, DOUBLE THREAD

FAMILY
SEWING MACHINE,
PRICE THIRTY DOLLARS.

ALL MACHINES WARRANTED!
FOR SALE AT
M. R. ROBINSON'S
HAT AND CAP STORE.

November, 1860! November, 1860!

WINTER STOCK!!

J. & L. SCHILLING, of Salem, Ohio,
Are now opening their Second Large Stock of Goods for the season, embracing every variety and style of

Winter Dress Goods,
CLOAKS & SHAWLS, HOODS & BONNETS,
Ladies' Furs, in Great Variety,
Ladies' and Misses Head Dresses,
EMBROIDERIES and TRIMMINGS,
And every variety of Notions and Fancy Goods,
together with a Full Stock of

Staple and Domestic Dry Goods, Carpets, Ladies' and Children's Shoes, China, Glass, and Queensware, Groceries, Cotton Turn, Carpet Chains, Cotton Batts, &c.

And in fact everything the wants of winter may demand. Such is our confidence in the above Stock, that we feel satisfied we can suit the wants of customers, either in point of Styles, Quality, Quantity or Price.

Thankful for past favors and soliciting an early call, we remain,
Yours Truly,
J. & L. SCHILLING.

Salem, Nov. 24, 1860.

NEW GOODS!

Just received at JACOB HEATON'S, our THIRD FALL & WINTER STOCK OF GOODS.

The people seem to have found out, without excess of puffing, that they always get the worth of their money at

THE SALEM EXCHANGE,
Where you will find one of the best selected Stock of GOODS that was ever brought to this market.

LADIES' DRESS GOODS.
You will find everything in that line, from a Rich Brocade Silk, to a lacy Delaine. Call and see.

MEN'S AND BOYS' WEAR.
Every thing that is wanted in that line, from a \$20 Overcoat, to a sixpence Pocket Knife.

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES.
Ladies' Cloaks, Hooped Skirts, New Fall price Dusters, Duster Cloth, Trimmings, Hats, Bonnets, Ribbons, Plaques, &c. &c.

CHOICE GROCERIES.
Carpets and Carpet Chains, Leather and Buffalo Robes.

A SPLENDID LOT OF QUEENSWARE,
Glassware, Knives and Forks, Hats, and Caps, Boots and Shoes, &c. &c.

All of which will be sold on the "Nimble sixpence," basis.
Salem, Nov. 3, 1860.

J. HEATON.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

Commencement of the Seventh Volume.

The publishers of The Atlantic Monthly have pleasure in announcing that the new volume, to commence with the number for January, 1861, will contain features of remarkable interest and attractiveness. Among these, may be named,

A NEW NOVEL,
By Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.
Author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and "The Minister's Wife."

A NEW NOVEL,
By Charles Reade.
Author of "Christie Johnston," "Peg Woffington," &c. &c.